



Rather than bear this tumult and uproar;
 And, through your means, be scourged with
 mine own rod! O let me die, and not endure
 the same! The suit I make, is to be punished
 still; Nor would I wish not to be wretched
 there. But that I might remain in hope and
 fear ! Sweet lovely Saints ! Let my suit like
 your will! "

E L E G Y X .

IN QUIET silence of the shady night, All
 places free from noise of men and
 dogs, When PHOEBE, carried in her
 chariot bright, Had cleared the misty
 vapours, and night fogs : Then (when no care
 the quiet shepherd clogs,
 Having his flock safe foddered in the fold) A
 lively Vision, to my Fancy's sight Appeared;
 which, methought, wake I did behold. A fiery
 boy, outmatching the moonlight, Who, softly
 whispering in mine ear, had told
 " There, thou, thy fair PARTHENOPHE may see ! "
 I quickly turning, in a hebene bed With sable
 covering, and black curtains spread With
 many little LOVES in black, by thee ! Thee!
 thee, PARTHENOPHE ! left almost dead !
 Pale cold with fear I did behold. Ay me !